THE

French Cobler.

A New SONG.

[Sold at No. 42, Long Lane.]

PIERRE Savetier behold is from France juſt arrived,
Whese 25 years I at cobling had thrived,
Till one fatal day I was torn from my ſtall,
Le diable tear par pieces the Democrats all,
Derry down, &c.

My lapſtone and laſt being chang'd for a gun,
With thouſands of others aux frontiers I run,
But Meſſrs. les Anglois cauſe me ſo much fright,
That I did ſham dead, and eſcap'd the ſame night.

Could fair words the back and the belly ſuffice,
We'd have victuals and cloths, maſois in a trice,
But when theſe we aſk of our fam'd Democrats,
They ſtop up our mouths with their damn'd aſſignats.

I'd rather be cobler, and work in my ſtall,
Than of the Convention one grand General,
One day he be great man he head all the mob,
One two three days after they cut off his nob,

La Convention's like to an old rotten ſhoe,
That wants both a ſole and a top leather too,
What lets water behind, and the mud in before,
Runs away from the ſhip, and returns never more.

If ſafe I arrive I will ſtick to my trade,
In London, where always I'm ſure to be paid,
Where law is reſpected, and that's the ting,
What makes the poot happy, the rich and the king.